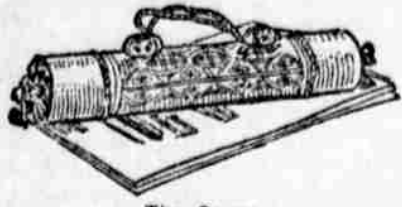




MUSIC-ROLL COVER.

How the Shabby Leather Case Can Be Given New Lease of Life.

The pretty music roll, which seems so fresh and dainty at the beginning of a term of lessons, soon takes on a certain shabby look if it is carried daily. A new roll every time the old one begins to show signs of wear, is out



The Cover.

of question for the average schoolgirl, but with a little ingenuity on her part the old one may be kept a thing of beauty.

A serviceable case was recently admired that had once been of fine leather, and though it looked worn and battered, the case itself was still strong and good; so its unsightliness was turned into beauty by an easily arranged cover of embroidered olive cashmere and moss-green plush, as seen in the illustration. The ends were decorated with silk cords tied in bows, and similar cords, held in place by large buttons and decorated with plush balls, served as handles.

A more elaborate cover may be made of crocheted work, but in planning for this sort of cover it would be best to have the knitting or crocheted work in cylinder form so that the roll will simply slip within it, instead of attempting to form the crocheted work to fit the roll, and open at the side.

Or, like the crocheted illustration, the center of the case may be formed from cardboard or any other stiff



A More Elaborate Cover.

foundation, embroidered in some conventional design, with ends of crocheted. Silk cord and plush balls may be used to finish this cover, or a heavy cord may be chained from the zephyr to match the crocheted work, and tassels may be made of the zephyr in the same or in contrasting colors.

Plain linen covers may also be used, says the Chicago Daily News, and they will be even more durable than those illustrated. Linen cords and tassels should be used for decoration, with some simple embroidery design in colored working cotton.

The Usefulness of the Hedgehog.

Persons who are inclined to a feeling of enmity toward these little animals, the hedgehogs, should stop to consider some of their characteristics before condemning them to destruction, for in many ways they are of great usefulness. Gardeners tell us that a hedgehog in the garden will destroy all the noxious insects that make such ravages on the fresh young vegetables, and the worms, slugs and snails cannot live where the hedgehog has full liberty. In the kitchen and cellar the little animal is also of great benefit, as he keeps them clear of black beetles and many other annoying insects that are a menace to the good housekeeper.

So stay your hand before injuring the harmless little animal that may be of value to you.

They Don't Do It.

We have all read that in South America and Africa cocoanuts are secured by men who go into the forests and throw stones at the monkeys in the trees. The monkeys get mad and pick the nuts and hurl them down. We are now told that nothing of the sort ever occurs. The cocoanuts are got by men climbing the trees and the men may be in the forest for days and not see a monkey. About the only thing we can believe about the monkey is that he is a great joker when in his cage in the zoo, and that if he can grab a boy's straw hat that boy is sure to go home bareheaded. If there was any way that he could hire out to a circus he'd be the star performer of all.

PEA POD BOATS.

With Brave Pea Sailors to Ride in Them.

The next time you help your mother to shell peas try to make one of these



boats from a pod, and with two toothpicks make the oarsman.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nothing to Lean On.

Kind Old Gent—What do you mean by saying your occupation's gone? Soulweary Samuel—They've pulled down the house I used to lean against.

ROVER TO THE RESCUE.

He Brought the Truant Boat Back to the Shore.

The children with their big New foundland dog, Rover, lost no time in starting for the sands, the morning after their arrival at the seaside. This was Rover's first visit to the sea; and, to judge by the way he bounded along he evidently meant to enjoy himself quite as much as the children did. What fun they had, building and digging and raving on the sand! Then there was the new boat, the Saucy Polly, to sail, and this was a source of great excitement. And very pretty indeed she looked, riding the waves so gracefully, as Harold and Jack in turn, keeping the tow-string well in hand, guided her along the coast.

The morning passed all too soon, and it was nearly time to go home to dinner, and Harold was drawing the little yacht slowly inland once more, when suddenly the string snapped, and, before he could realize what had happened a big wave and a strong breeze had carried the Saucy Polly far beyond reach.

"Oh, Harold," cried Jack, "it's gone, our dear little boat! Whatever shall we do?"

"How-wow!" said Rover, and he gave



Rover and the Children.

his big head a knowing shake, as much as to say: "I know quite well what to do; and, what's more, I'm going to do it!" Then with another deep, reassuring "How-wow!" he plunged into the sea and was soon swimming in hot pursuit of the Saucy Polly.

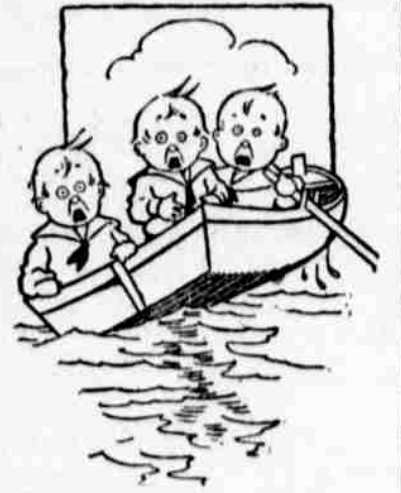
The children watched with breathless interest as they saw the dog reach the boat, seize it, and then turn and began to swim quickly back to the shore. How they cheered and encouraged him; and when at last the boat was laid safely at their feet, they simply fell on his neck and hugged him, all heedless of his dripping coat and of the shower baths which he shook over them.

And this was not the only occasion during that holiday in which Rover proved himself a gallant rescuer. One day a little girl was playing on the rocks when she suddenly slipped and fell into deep water, and the brave dog, almost before anyone had realized the accident, swam to the child's rescue and brought her safely to shore, very little the worse for her wetting.

And then, of course, Rover was made more of than ever, and became the spoiled pet of all the children.

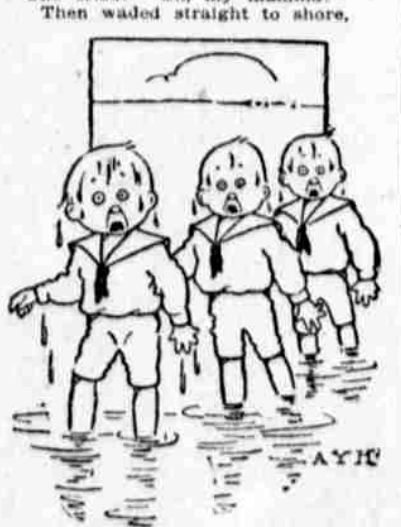
A WARNING.

Three little boys in a rowboat, And only room for two—



Boat upset and they get wet, And didn't know what to do!

One cried: "Oh, my mamma!" Then waded straight to shore.



The other two did likewise, And I saw the three no more.

—Los Angeles Herald.

The Smile Busted.

Teacher—Freddy, you must not laugh out loud like that in the school-room.

Freddy—I didn't mean to do it. I was smiling when all of a sudden the smile busted.

A Quick Way.

"How did the bullies ever manage to get in the social swim?"

"Via Wall street. Old Bullions went there and 'plunged' in."—Baltimore American.

HARDING'S SURPRISE

By Robert Carlton Brown

Harding jumped off the train at 11:36 that night. The bare, desolate little station looked lonesome, although its two tiny electric lights did their best to brighten the situation.

"Carriage, sir?" came a harsh voice close beside him, somewhere in the darkness.

With difficulty Harding hunted out the little carriage and handed his suitcase to the driver.

"Guess you're the only one what got off to-night; where you goin'?" he gruff voice interrogated.

"Judge Ewen's," answered Harding simply, for every one in the little town knew the judge.

"O, to the judge's, eh. You ain't the 'eller what's goin' ter marry his daughter, air you?" grinned the social driver.

"Why, maybe I will," admitted the young fellow, impatiently. "But the quicker you get me there the happier I'll be."

"Just like all them young fellers that's goin' sparkin'," snickered the driver, jumping to his seat and starting his sorry nag at a dogtrot.

The darkness hid Harding's conscious blush, for surely he had come for no other reason, and the impatient driver had divined it in a moment.

"I wonder," mused the young fellow, "whether she'll be waiting for me or not. She probably thought when I didn't get here on the eight o'clock that I wouldn't be down till morning. But still, last time I missed it she was waiting for me on the veranda. O, I hope she'll be there to-night. But no, she won't, for I told her not to expect me till to-morrow if I wasn't there at eight. No, she's probably in bed long ago, and I'll have to fumble with that old latchkey for an hour or wake up the servant in order to get in. I wish I'd been more patient and waited till morning, because she wouldn't sit up when I told her not to—but still—she might."

During the remainder of the ride young Harding revolved the possibilities of his fiancée being on the porch waiting for him, as she did that time before. In the hope that she would be there, he stopped the driver a block from the house, jumped out, paid his fare, and walked the remainder of the way.

"Goin' to surprise her, air ye?" chuckled the driver, remembering how he, too, had once gone courting with all the enthusiasm and strategy of youth.

Harding did not deign to reply, but hurried on toward the house, walking on the grass, that she might not hear him coming if she were there.

Cautiously as a burglar he crept around to the veranda. The night was black; he could see nothing at first; then slowly the outline of a hammock became distinct to him. He crept closer; his heart gave a bound of joy, for there, there she was; he could make out dimly the lines of her form her white dress showed plainly.

Harding's heart indulged in a series of bounds as he realized that she had sat up, as before, for him. He smiled joyfully as he thought of surprising her suddenly.

She lay there quietly, and as yet had not heard him. He was sure of that, for she had not moved, or possibly she knew he was there and was pretending to be ignorant of it, that his surprise might be the more complete.

He thought for a moment and then quietly set down his suitcase and stealthily drew nearer and nearer until he almost touched her. He could plainly hear her breathing and it was evident to him that she was feigning sleep, for she was making an effort to breathe deeply and regularly, although her breathing was uneven, irregular, and showed excitement.

He drew nearer and put his arm around her; she did not move, but he heard a sharp gasp.

Quickly he leaned over, inclosed her in his arms, and kissed her. She struggled, and in a moment was free. With a loud cry, she rushed for the front door shouting, "Help! Help! Burglars! Thieves! Help!"

Harding stood amazed; he could not account for it—she must know him—what could be the matter?

He rushed toward her, crying, "Helen, it is I, it is I, it is I; it was a surprise, don't you know me?"

All the answer he received was a new, more strident series of "Help! Help! Thieves! Thieves!" as she struggled vainly with the door.

A window above opened quickly and a voice called, "Sarah, Sarah, what on earth is the matter; what are you shouting about?"

A sudden thought flashed over Harding as he heard the voice in the window above; that was her voice—and the other, she had called her Sarah.

"Sarah, Sarah; who can she be?" his mind repeated, and then suddenly the answer came: "Why, she's the cook."

With a dexterous swoop he secured his suit case and fled down the street, the cries of "Help! Help!" becoming ever fainter in the distance.

Harding had changed his mind; it would be better, after all, to arrive on the morning train, and as he lay in the dismal little station that night, his coat wound under his head for a pillow, he thought of that fool driver and his meaningless query: "Goin' to surprise her, air ye?"

Yes, O, yes, Harding had surprised her.

Good Jokes

SPECIALIZATION.

Once upon a time, not many years hence, perhaps, a man, being seized with a sudden and violent pain, hastens to a doctor for relief.

"Where is the pain?" asks the doctor.

"Right here," groans the man, "and lays his hand on the afflicted part."

The doctor opens his case of instruments and takes therefrom several delicate compasses and a number of finely graduated tapes. With these he proceeds to make precise and elaborate measurements, stopping at frequent intervals to set down a great many figures on a sheet of paper.

"What are you doing?" cries the man at last, for his pain is all the time increasing.

"Of course I shall make very sure, first of all, that the location of the difficulty brings it within my specialty. Do you take me for a quack? You deserve to have been born a thousand years ago!" replied the doctor, severely.—Puck.

Reaction.

"Don't deceive me, doctor! Tell me the truth! Will my boy get well?"

"Get well? Why, madam, he is in no more danger of dying than you are. The car wheels didn't touch him. It was the rear platform he was trying to grab."

"The little rascal! I'll whip him within an inch of his life for giving me such a scare."—Chicago Tribune.

BOTH NEEDED PERSUASION.



The Smitten Swain—Will nothing move you?

The Obdurate Maid—Really, Mr. Smith, you talk as if I were a motor-car.

Whose Verses Are These?

When first she glared upon my sight But when the paint came off her face She was—well—rather commonplace. —Chicago Journal.

He Liked It.

"You seem to find that book very interesting," said Mrs. Henpeck. "Yes," replied Henry, "it's delightful. I've glanced at the ending, and he hero and heroine don't get married after all."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Bas!

"Would you marry a woman who was older than you?"

"Not if I knew it."

"If you knew it? Are you one of the people who think a woman is only as old as she says she is?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

One Man's Wisdom.

Superintendent—What excuse did Oldbach offer for declining to buy a lot in the new cemetery?

Solicitor—He said he might be lost at sea, then he'd have no use for it.—Chicago Daily News.

Changing, Yes.

She—Don't you think our summers are changing?

He—Decidedly! Why, I can remember the time when you would never see a peek-a-boo waist the entire summer!—Yonkers Statesman.

Often the Case.

Biggs—Dead men tell no tales. Diggs—But their tombstones do.—Chicago News.

TALKING IT OVER.



"How do you manage to learn all the interesting scandals of the town, Frau Bummell?"

"O, since they have women cab drivers that's easy—I always get up on the box with the driver!"—Flegende Blaetter.

A Habit.

So precious has time grown of late Men cannot stop, we've heard, To mildly say "prevaricate"— They want a shorter word. —Washington Star.

HE WASN'T WORTH IT.



He—It costs me nearly \$5,000 a year to live. She—What a waste of money!

It Sure Is.

Last night I fairly rolled in coin; I'd millions, on the dead— Say, ain't it fierce when you wake up, And find you've bumped your head? —Milwaukee Sentinel.

At College.

"I told the governor I had engaged a tutor to get me on ahead, and the old man was so pleased, that he sent me an extra check for the tutor's expense."

"I didn't know you were having private coaching."

"I haven't. He isn't that kind of a tutor. He is a chauffeur."—Baltimore American.

A Hustler.

Harix—Heow be yore son gittin' er-long sence he went up tew th' city? Oatcake—Purty good, I reckon. He writ us he wuz carryin' everything before him.

Harix—Is he in bizness fer hisself? Oatcake—No, he's actin' ez waiter in a eatin' house.—Chicago Daily News.

Where Women Vote.

"And did you vote to-day?" asked the president of the Woman's club.

"No, I'm sorry to say I did not."

"But you promised to."

"I know it; but on the way to the polls I got in a discussion with a man about woman's right to vote, and I talked so long that when I got to the polls they were closed!"—Yonkers Statesman.

CHRONIC KICKER.



Proprietor—Does that guest in room 23 complain much lately?

Clerk—Yes; why, he kicks about everything as much as if he wasn't paying any board at all.—Chicago News.

Always Disappointed.

Some time the mercury will rise, Sometimes a downward course twill pick;

But whatever the course it tries The weather fiends are sure to kick. —Washington Star.

Forgot Himself.

Church—That man is an end-seat hog, all right.

Gotham—How do you know? "Because he tried to get the end seat away from me!" Yonkers Statesman.

In Chicago.

Mrs. Dearborn—I think we ought to do all we can to help our ministers.

Mrs. Wabash—Well, I've done my share, I'm sure. I've put six of 'em in the way of making wedding fees!—Yonkers Statesman.

She Knew.

Mr. Jolt—He says he can't see through my jokes; I wonder why?

Mrs. Jolt—Because they're your jokes, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

It Would Seem So.

Gyer—Speaking of the seasons, summer is the pride of them all.

Myer—How do you figure that out? Gyer—It goeth before a fall, you know.—Chicago Daily News.

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Game of Chance.

Good negatives are very largely a matter of accident, writes Giles Edgerton, in the Craftman. Given the utmost care and wisdom in the selection of subjects and time, it is nevertheless true that the novice may secure with his kodak a more artistic negative than the trained veteran, and that the veteran himself will get the most artistic negatives largely as a result of chance.

The Best Man.

"The Best Man," by Harold McGrath, published by the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis, is a neatly printed book which contains three tales which do not deal with weddings, as the title might indicate, but are stories of politics, of ambition and of love. It is true the finish of each of them finds a wedding in prospect, and in each the best man wins the fair lady, despite the scheming of rivals and ambitious parents. "The Best Man" is written in Mr. McGrath's best manner, and can not fail to help the lovers of good, clean fiction while away a few very pleasant hours.

Quinine in Sunflower.

An eminent Spanish scientist has made the recent discovery that the sunflower yields a splendid febrifuge that can be used as a substitute for quinine. More than ten years ago Moncorvo reported to the Therapeutical Society of Paris with relation to the same subject. Accordingly the sunflower should not only by its growing exert great fever-dispelling effect, but also yield a product which is used advantageously in all fevers.

Riley, the People's Poet.

"Morning," a collection of poems written by James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, has just been published by the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis. It is a tastefully printed little volume, the poems all being new ones—never before presented to the public, and are of the kind that appeal to the every-day man, for James Whitcomb Riley is essentially the poet of the people, and his are the songs of eternal youth. This little volume should be in the home of every lover of the good, the true and the beautiful.

Sea Trout Fattened.

A sea trout was caught at Aberdeen recently, which swam 120 miles in 49 days, and doubled its weight on the way. It was marked and put into the Coquet in Northumberland, and when recaptured at Aberdeen, its length was not increased, its rapid gain in weight being due to corpulence.

The Bible as Good Reading.

We have always contended that the Bible was the most interesting reading of any book we have ever read. In this opinion we now have the support of a United States senator, Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, whose book, "The Bible as Good Reading," has just been published by Henry Altemus company, of Philadelphia. Whoever has neglected the reading of his Bible will find in this book a valuable guide to the interesting portions of that other Book, and whoever reads what Senator Beveridge has to say will be sure to read his Bible also.

Wooden Soldiers Found in Egypt.

Among the objects found in recent excavations in Egypt was a whole company of wooden soldiers fifteen inches high.

The Essence of Dullness.

It is true, no doubt, that many learned people are dull; but there is no indication whatever that they are dull because they are learned: True dullness is seldom acquired; it is a natural grace, the manifestations of which, however modified by education, remain in substance the same. Fill a dull man to the brim with knowledge, and he will not become less dull, as the enthusiasts for education vainly imagine; but neither will he become duller. He will remain in essence what he always has been and always must have been. But whereas his dullness would, if left to itself, have been merely vacuous, it may have become, under careful cultivation, pretentious and pedantic.—Balfour.

Russian Yellow Journalism.

Since the appearance of the cholera in Russia the Russkoye Znamia, the organ of the union of Russian men, has daily been publishing articles accusing the Jews and the constitutional democrats of preparing poisonous syringes for inoculating the people with cholera virus, "according to the method of the anarchist Krasotkin."

Typhoid Preventive.

It has been estimated that typhoid fever costs the United States \$200,000,000 a year. It is within the power of every family to do something toward cutting down the grand total of expense, and toward avoiding bearing a proportion of it.

Gathering Ostrich Feathers.

Ostrich feathers can be taken every eight months. The plumes are not, as some suppose, pulled, but are cut with a sharp knife. The stumps wither and fall out.